

DOTS and DASHES

A medium to spread cheer and carry useful and interesting items of information.

Published Weekly by the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, New Jersey

Vol. 1

Wednesday, May 1, 1918

No. 21

A wise old owl sat on an oak; The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard. Oh, soldier IMITATE THIS BIRD.

RADIO LABORATORIES.

(By Wakefield.)

The Radio Lab boys assigned to their particular detail in connection with the Liberty Loan drive last Friday discovered in what they at first believed to be a fatigue schedule, a holiday tinged with business and pleasure and resultant satisfaction. Shortly after noon a score or more of the men scrambled to place themselves in vantage positions on the truck which awaited them at cap and soon they were trailing the "tank," held in captivity, despite its ferocious appearance, in the direction of Oceanport. At this spot scores of machines, decorated with colors to match the spirit of the times, and containing groups of enthusiastic Liberty Loan canvassers, fell in behind the military advance guard, forming a long line interspersed with school children all bearing the American Flag. From aboard the tank in the places where the procession halted, eloquent speakers urgently solicited the subscriptions to the Third Liberty Loan by the town-folk who gathered in large numbers. At Oceanport the result was appreciable and the crusade started southward with increased vigor. The next stop was made at Eatontown and here also the people were generous with their assistance. The end of the trip was at Colt's Neck. Here too the pilgrimage was kindly received although the canvassing delegation discovered the majority of the people had subscribed to the Loan earlier in the day when a committee from Freehold had assimilated that district leaving few persons available to pledge.

The boys took an especial interest in the business aspect of their duty, and returned to camp feeling their work had met with satisfaction and the day spent in pleasure.

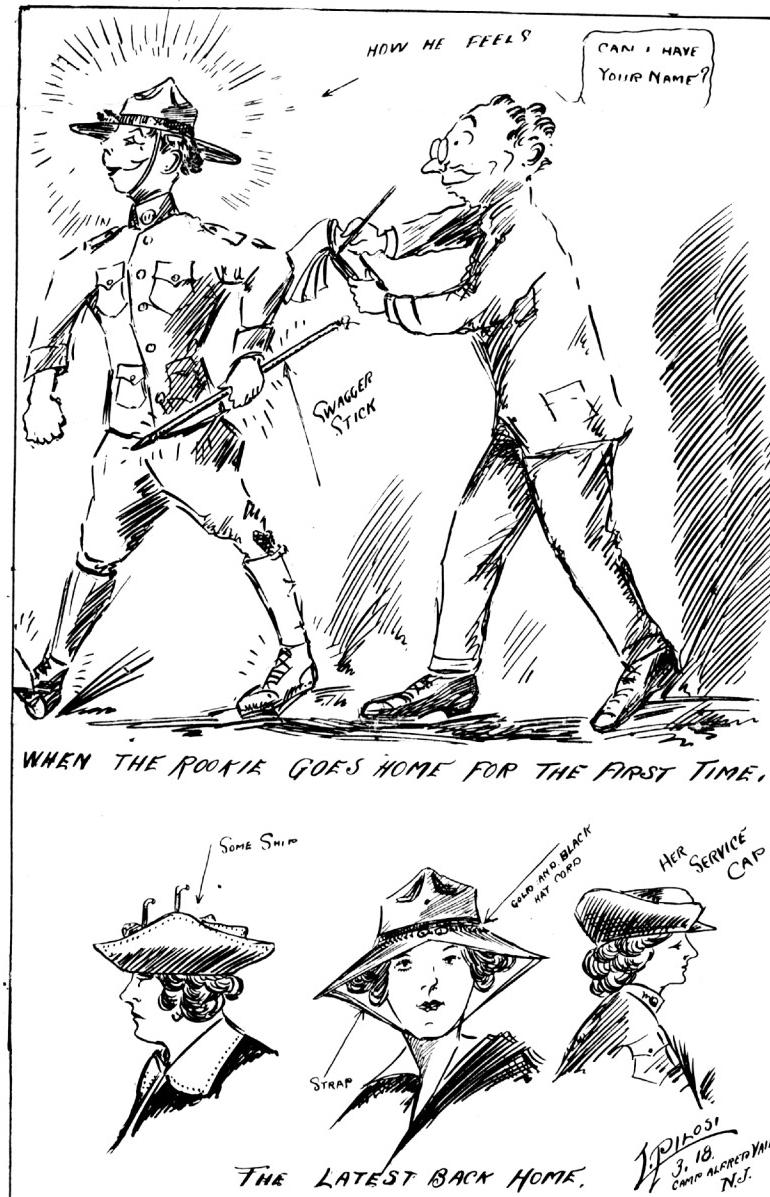
"Cecil" Summers, our talented jester, sprung this one the other day:

"Why is the Radio Mechanics School like a Sunday newspaper?"

Fulker, as usual, poking his nose into curiosity said he didn't know, and asked "Sees" to elucidate. The latter observed that in view of things as they were at the time he believed the school emulated a Sunday newspaper because it now had a colored supplement. Poor Fulker; first time he has been unable to come back.

Got a new top "sarj" at the Radio Detch. Ed. Ward known almost as well as any one up on the hill has the reins leashed on the outfit now.

Some of the boys think Kaminsky should have gone into the movies rath-



Drawn by Pilosi, (504th)

er the army. While he was driving the tank Friday he made it a point of object that all the girls should see him and he was generous now and then throwing a kiss. Still we do not wonder at the attraction when the fair ones gathered about him, he's so sweet. He might have got away with more than he did but for the presence of Jack Dreher who found it necessary, quite frequently to push down the lid!

Hayden and Breckenridge decided a few days ago they would stick around camp all week and not even go over to the club. Wonder why.

The other day, Hellings, who has had a lame ankle for some time was

asked when he came into the orderly room, where he had hurt his foot, meaning what parts were affected. He replied, sympathetically that it was in East Philadelphia, and the questioners are wondering what part of the anatomy that it.

"Bill" Hetznecker holds the record for getting packages of "goodies." They all come from St. Mary's Pa. Must be a lot of Saints out there.

Bouquets. We have been told, several times, that we had the best Y. M. C. A. in the country. This by some men who have been to a good many of them. Thanks, gents.

LIBERTY DAY CELEBRATION AT "Y."

In accordance with the President's proclamation, Camp Vail celebrated Liberty Day. The men who were not on duty crowded into the Y. M. C. A. building at 9 o'clock. Lt. Albro, in charge of Liberty bonds in the camp, brought the meeting to order and explained its purpose. Under the efficient leadership of Mr. Tali Esen Morgan, famous song leader, who for years was in charge of the choral singing at the Ocean Grove auditorium, the men sang "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding," and followed it with "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Colonel Cowan read the President's proclamation. An inspiring address was delivered by Mr. I. R. Benjamin' who is one of the "dollar a year" employees of Uncle Sam, and spends his time chiefly going up and down the country talking Liberty Loan and Food Conservation. Following this, Major Ware made a fine speech on "Patriotism." The Major told the men what the things are that make an efficient soldier. Doing his duties cheerfully was one of the chief rules for military success, he said. If a man thought he was better fitted for another kind of a job than the one he had, the Major's suggestion was to make a big success of the job in hand, anyhow, and the right thing will doubtless turn up as a reward. There was nothing sentimental or cheap about the ideal held up by the Major for the men. It was different than most of the speeches on that rather vague thing we call patriotism, and had nothing whatever to do with cheering, swinging of hats and parading on holidays. The type of patriot the Major asked all soldiers to be was the real man, hard-working, cheerful, obedient, brave, true, and efficient at his trade.

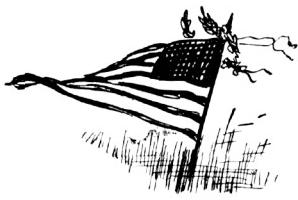
Mr. Morgan again led the men in singing, and everybody stood up and joined in "America."

The Jazz Band played the accompaniment to all the songs, and an overture at the opening of the exercises. We take our hats off to this little band. They are some band.

—o:o:o—

Father Lacasse is making our stage a thing of beauty and a joy forever. He is painting a back drop—on the wall, however, and will make us fine mural decorations and a peach of a proscenium arch. Painting draperies, cords and flags, where shadows and folds play a big part, are his long suit. We sure will have a peach of a stage when he gets through. Thanks, Father.

DOTS AND DASHES



Published Weekly, Wednesdays by the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, New Jersey.

Address all communications to Y. M. C. A., as above.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1918

BASEBALL.

Quartermaster Corps Vs.

Co. B, 10th Field Battalion

April 24, 1918.—A very loosely played game on the Polo Field between Quartermaster Corps and Co. B, 10th Field Battalion was won by the former team. The hitting of Catcher Trotter, of the Q. M., was the feature of the game. Q. M. aggregation to date has a clear record in the league, having won all games played.

The lineup and box score follow:

Quartermaster Corps.

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reekie, 2b	3	0	1	1	1	1
Hamilton, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Englesman, c	1	0	1	4	0	0
Dempsey, ss	3	1	0	0	2	2
Almond, p	3	0	1	0	1	0
Rigby, cf	3	0	0	1	1	0
Blummenfeld, cf	0	0	0	0	0	1
Berton, 3b	3	1	1	3	0	0
Strecker, lf	2	2	1	0	1	0
Meltzer, 1b	2	1	1	1	0	1
Deming, 1b	0	1	0	3	0	0
Trotter, c	3	2	2	8	0	0
Totals	25	8	8	21	6	5

Co. B, 10th Field Battalion.

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Gawthrop, 2b	3	1	1	0	1	0
Oehlert, 3b	3	0	0	1	0	1
Alger, c	4	0	1	11	1	0
Jacobson, 1b	4	0	2	6	0	0
Cassidy, ss	4	1	0	0	1	0
Hart, lf	4	1	1	0	0	1
Van Dusen, p	2	1	1	0	2	0
Jackson, p	1	0	0	0	2	0
Allen, cf	3	1	2	0	0	0
Perry, rf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	6	8	18	5	2

Score by innings:

Quartermaster 0 3 1 2 0 2 x—8
Co. B, 10th Field Bn. 0 1 0 3 0 2 0—6

Home run—Trotter. Two base hits—Englesman, Gawthrop. Stolen bases—Dempsey (2), Barton (1), Strecker (2), Gawthrop (1), Oehlert (1), Alger (2), Jacobson (2), Cassidy (1), Hart (1), Allen (1), Perry (2). Double play—Rigby to Reekie. Left on bases—Q. M., 3; 10th, 1. Bases on errors—Q. M., 3; 10th, 1. Passed balls—Off Van Dusen 3, Jackson 2, Almond 3. Struck out—By Van Dusen 8, Jackson 1, Almond 12. Scored—Alger, Trotter, Englesman. Earned runs—Q. M., 5; 10th, 2. Scorer—Corporal Isaacs.

Somebody slipped a couple of books of Ford Jokes into our room the other evening. Wonder why they should do that?

BASEBALL, APRIL 17, 1918.
Quartermaster Corps Versus
Radio Laboratories
Won by Quartermaster Corps. Score,
4 to 2. Played on Polo Field. Box
score:

Q. M.	a.b.	r.	h.	t.b.	p.o.	a.e.
Reekie, 2b	3	0	1	4	5	0
Englesman, c	3	1	1	6	9	2
Powers, 1b	4	0	1	3	4	1
Almond, 3b	3	0	1	5	0	1
Dempsey, ss	1	0	0	6	2	1
Rigby, cf	2	0	0	2	0	0
Hamilton, rf	3	1	1	5	0	0
Burton, lf	2	1	1	7	1	0
Herron, p	2	1	1	6	0	2
Totals	23	4	7	44	21	7

Radio.

Radio.	a.b.	r.	h.	t.b.	p.o.	a.e.
Kripner, 1b	3	1	2	5	5	0
Aridan, 2b	3	0	1	2	0	1
Hintz, 3b	3	0	0	0	2	1
Stevens, p	3	0	0	1	0	2
Kelly, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Van Est, lf	3	1	0	4	1	1
Hayden, c	3	0	0	0	9	0
Trojan, ss	2	0	0	0	1	0
Miner, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	25	2	3	13	18	5

Two base hits—Burton. Stolen bases—Reekie, Englesman, Powers, Herron, Dempsey 3. Struck out—By Herron, 11; by Stevens, 9. First base on balls—By Stevens, 6. Hit by pitcher—Englesman. Double plays—Englesman, Powers and Reekie. Left on bases—Q. M., 8; Radio, 2. Passed balls—Englesman, Hayden.

Q. M. 1 0 0 0 0 3 x—4
Radio 1 v 0 0 1 0 0—2

Time of game—1 hr. 30 min. Umpire—Lt. Albro. Scorer—Cpl. Isaacs.

o:o:o

MME. YVETTE GUILBERT

MAKES A HIT.

Mme. Guilbert, who gave a concert for the boys on Monday night, made the biggest hit of any individual so far. After the boys had joined with her in singing "La Marseillaise" they gave her three of the loudest cheers we have heard for a long time. Three times she was called back to acknowledge their applause, and when she started to go out, they burst out anew.

Except here and there, by some men who knew French, nobody could tell by the words what she was singing; but there was hardly a man in the house that did not know the gist of her song. Her expressions were fully expressive of the songs she sang, and everybody knew what it was all about.

She is a neighbor of ours, living at Interlaken, only ten minutes away, and we hope she will come often.

o:o:o

Somebody asked young Stewart, the bugler, who was married a few months ago to a nice girl in Long Branch, whether a man looked at his wife in any different light after they were married than he did before. "Well," says he, "I should say he does! Before they are married he looks at her in the light of half-past ten; afterward he looks at her in the light of five forty-five a.m."

o:o:o

Don't forget the Discussion Class in Smart's room, at the right side of the sage, looking from the office end. It meets every Friday night.

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LITTLE DOTS AND DASHES.

Poor old Burris! We seem always to start out with him. Somebody hands us these two about him: Why is Burris' mustache like a football game? Answer: Eleven on a side. Then, we inherit the following today: Burris would like to know if John D. and his son are going to pass out anything besides the door.

A tip to mess sergeants: If the cooks were like some of the dream-girls, there wouldn't be much waste. Whatta you mean, waste?

If a soul kiss would drive a girl crazy, where would a motorcycle driver? Keerful, Cy.

Comedy in one short act: Post No. 6. Well-groomed soldier looking for orderly walking post. Q. M. man comes along about half-past eleven in the morning, no fog or mist, no clouds—everything bright and light. As the Q. M. man approaches thirty paces from the guard, said guard brings up his shootin' iron and yells, "Halt! Who goes there?" The Q. M. man replies, "Friend." Guard calls out, "Advance, Denny Callahan, and be recognized." Before Denny had passed inspection, the corporal of the guard came hot-footing it out and rung down the curtain, meanwhile giving the guard the benefit of some choice morsels of advice, served hot.

The Jazz Band played for the Liberty Day celebration we had in the morning. Some band!

We found this one tucked carefully into an envelope and slipped to us in the dark, when nobody was looking: What is the matter with Sgt. Brubcker and Sgt. Bosco, they are at it again? And they come from the City of Brotherly Love, too.

Sgt. Edward Crill, of the First Field, who left here last December, writes for Dots and Dashes. He said they were having an awfully hard time getting GOOD things to read. Thanks!

Down at Governor's Island, some Dough-boy passed around the notice that John D. was going to pass out ten dollar bills to everybody. Some men seem to think that there isn't anything else in the world quite so pleasant to have as money. None of us are over-strong on the other side; but we sometimes like to hear a man talk about other worth-while things, even if he does have money.

Captain Burch, our agreeable Adjutant, has moved into the house along the road to the Little Silver station. Nice place to live in, we should say.

No Man's Land has been taken by our troops, or soon will be. We see advance columns marching across it daily now, and there are evidences of a long occupation of it.

—o:o:o—

Miss May Peterson, Opera Comique, Paris, and the Metropolitan in New York, and well known all over the country for her concert work, will be here to sing sometime during May, we hope. Mme. Fremstad told us on the phone the other evening she would come between May 8th and 15th. Our old friend, Albert Francis Wade, who sings everything from rag-time to grand opera in Italian, said he would soon come back, and would try and get for us the Cohen play "It Pays to Advertise." We are expecting a return date from Marcia van Dresser, Amelia Bingham, and have a lot more big guns on our list. Looks like some real doings on the road. The New York Comedy Club will be here May 6th, with the Rumson committee. That means a big show with ice cream and cake. Mlle. Dazie, who could not come before, may be here May 8th.

—o:o:o—

ABOUT DISAPPOINTMENTS.

It is unfortunate that disappointments should all come together. Mme. Olga Petrova was not here as announced; Mme. Fremstad disappointed without giving any reason whatever—she just "didn't have time to send us word she wasn't coming"—and Saturday night the galaxy of stars we had been told would glisten for our entertainment found more important business elsewhere. If our kind audiences will have patience with us a little further, we will do our darndest to see that the disappointments are ended and that the people announced to come will positively appear.

We think, sometimes, some of our good friends who bring us shows have the best intentions in the world; but they are not able to do all they would like.

—o:o:o—

FAREWELL.

'Tis said we'll soon be leaving
And arewells we must say;
Our transport will be sailing
O'er the ocean far away.
To France where war is raging,
Where brave men fight and die,
Where Liberty is winning with
Freedom, the Battle Cry.

The clubs and "Y" we're leaving,
But never will we forget;
And friends in towns surrounding,
To them we are in debt.
When in strange camps we're drilling,
Or in the world-war fight,
The "First" will be recalling
That Thursday is Rumson "Nite."

Before we have the parting,
Before our paths divide,
We want to tell how pleasing
It's been to here abide.
How your kind deeds and helping
Have smoothed the weary miles;
You bet we'll all be missing
"The Sunshine of Your Smiles."
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Co. C, First Field.

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POET'S RETREAT.



LIFE OF A STUDENT OFFICER.

He stood on a hill in Texas
He seemed to bee all alone;
And yet I could hear him murmur
These words in an undertone.

Started out earl yin the morning
Keep on moving all day long
If I make a mistake they skin me
I've begun to think it's all wrong.

Everything the mind conceives of
Has been pounded into my brain;
It's too much for one poor soldier,
Don't wonder why I'm insane.

I have studied regulations
Both Infantry and Signal Corps,
I'm crammed plumb full of knowledge
It radiates at every pore.

I've been taught to mend a motor
Thru the I. C. S. by mail;
How to run a signal station,
How to move the troops by rail.

From the local sending circuit
Thru the wheels that turn around
I've chased wireless oscillations
From antennae to the ground.

I've investigated switchboards,
Strung a line on trees and poles
Punched this rocky Texas desert
Full of twenty inck lance-pole holes.

I've strung a line in the trenches
And I've Par ley-voused Francais
Studied far into the night
And waved a flag all day.

I've found the True North by starlight
And I've learned to run a motor-bike;
I've burned a pole while climbing
I've done an age long hike.

Aimed an empty automatic
Till my arm has ached with pain;
Then tried to read a sounder
Till I'd addled my poor brain.

I committed rules of Warfare
I am sick of paperwork
Court-martial makes me dizzy
Army Reg I can't shirk.

I have learned a lot of cipher
Drawn a sketch of all the roads
Ridden horses without stirrups
Packed jar-heads with heavy loads.

I've marched the Company up and down
Squads East and West, as dough-boy drill,
Taken Koehlers calisthenics
Guaranteed to cure or kill.
All this I've done and more is coming,
But if the Major I can suit
I will get myself commissioned
As a brand new Second Lieut.

*—Hyatt, 4th Co. S. O. R. C. T. C.,
Camp Morse, Texas, March 1918.

LET ME BUT LIVE.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
No hastening to nor turning from the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill and down,
Though rough or smooth the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy—
New friendships, high adventure, and a crown.
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.
—Henry Van Dyke.

—o:o:o—



Our esteemed padre was performing a wedding ceremony "Somewhere in Jersey" the other day and the groom, evidently a bit excited when he slipped the ring on her slender finger, said, "With this wing I thee red," and a minute later he said, "I pwight my tlooth" Gee! Terrible thing to have to go through with. This poor soldier boy is all ready for a gas attack now and a brush with the Hun. We know another young gentleman in khaki, hereabout quite a lot for the last couple of weeks, who will probably learn his little lesson pretty well so as to be ready.

—o:o:o—

CORRECTION.

The Q. M. men tell us they were reported in Dots and Dashes, last issue, to have forfeited a game to the Radio Labs. because they did not play. Said Q. M.'s state further they played C 10 at the direction of the Athletic Commission.

—o:o:o—

* * * * * * * * *
* EVERBODY BACK HOME *
* READS *
* DOTS AND DASHES *
* * * * * * * *

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